Home Reading.

Barrarolle.

Last night we sailed, my love and I,
Last night and years ago:
Was it sea or moon we drifted through?
I think I shall never know.
We had no oar,
We neared no shore,
We floated with the tide;
The moon was white,
And the sea alight,
And none in the world beside.

I and my love we said farewell—
It was years and years away;
We kissed our last in a life gone by—
I think it was yesterday.
Oh, for heaven give me
A moon and sea
To sail when we both have died,
With never an oar,
With never a shore,
Drifting on with the tide.

—*May Probyn.*

THE DREAMER BY DAYLIGHT.

[For The Bloomfield Citizen.]

As to Leisure.

One thinks of the antediluvians with regret. They had so much time in which to work out their ideas! Noah, for instance, took as long over the ark as if he was making a cathedral, and old Methusaleh went around in a comfortable pilgrimage of about ten centuries. He had only known Adam about two hundred years, and he had to wait another century or so before Noah came along. But when he got hold of Noah, he could pour the story into his ears for about five hundred years or more, straight ahead—nearly to the time when the great navigator was ready start on his first voyage. There was no hurry about it!

Nobody's notions then were picked before they were ripe, and the world had not so much intellectual colic, nor so many griping pains of doubt. Those old fellows could grow their own gopher wood in the calmest kind of a way!

If there is any want more than another that we feel to-day, it is the absence of leisure. By very stress of circumstances we are coming to believe that there are some matters that cannot be hurried. They are like piano tops: first you scrape them and then you "fill" them, and then you scrape them, and then you varnish them, and then you scrape them, and then you sandpaper them, and then you varnish them, and then you scrape them, and then you pumice them, and then you varnish them, and then you scrape them, and then you rub them, and then you varnish them—and the deponent further declares that he don't know where you do stop at last! It is an interminable job to do it just as it should be done!

But this Dreamer don't find people as solicitous about opinions as they are about piano tops. Many a crude idea gets flung out, sharp-edged and broken, and nobody thinks it worth while to let it be rounded like the pebble that David chose when he went after Goliath. But, after all, it is the smooth stone that plays the mischief with the giant evils of the time—and it takes leisure to smooth the stone.

Hurry and worry, they say, are what kill off the present generation. But one may retort that sloth and luxury are no cure for them. Utter indifference to the social problems don't help either us or the social problems.

To crawl along in a lazy selfishness is not to live any greater number of years, nor is it to meditate any nobler work. You never get sparks from cold iron by any amount of pounding. The flashes and coruscations of intellect are struck out at the white heat. It is a day of Bessemer brains, this day of ours. It is worth while to consume quickly if centuries are compressed into seconds. We burn up several hundred Methusalehs a day over on Manhattan Island! We wouldn't have room to cord them up in our crowded modern life. On the contrary, there is evidence that they are frequently called "old fogies," and shoved to the wall.

Yet, now and then—and *now* more than *then*—there is a hankering for the old-time quiet. A Franklin stove, an open fireplace, a screen, a back-scratcher—these are not so undesirable as they might seem; and if you happen to be shoved into the damp sheets of a hotel bed, you probably wish for a warming-pan. But how in the world can anything mellow, with a man at the other end of the telephone shouting, "Hallo! hallo!" and wanting to be switched on to number seven hundred and eighty-three? How can things mellow when you are rattled past somebody's upstairs window in a railroad on stilts? How can things mellow when the world of letters is made up of people making "copy" and little sharp "printers' devils" crying for it?

Yet, beloved, every man must have his mountain, his desert, his den, and cave in the earth—his great refuge, intrinsic or extrinsic. Hamerton well writes that it is often said, "Woe to him that is alone." But he turns it handsomely when he adds, "Woe unto him that is never alone, and cannot bear to be alone." Then there is something wrong either about one who lives in a gregarious state of rush and confusion, and is unhappy out of it; and there is surely something wrong in one who cannot say, "My mind to me a kingdom is!"

The cure of this nineteenth century haste and waste is, therefore, to fill the lamp, which burns so quickly, with the slow-distiling oil of personal thought and quiet. "Blessed be he that invented sleep!" said Sancho Panza, "It wraps a man up like a blanket." There needs then this darkness—this blanket—this dead and rest of the night—to the full maturing of our best work. Let the little things take our mechanical energies, but let us incubate warmly and patiently at night that ostrich egg of our great idea, which, during the day, may be safely left to itself upon the desert sands.

In this view sickness is no particular loss—nor is enforced idleness always a disaster.

Letter from Saratoga.

[For The Bloomfield Citizen.]

The Kensington, Saratoga,
July 27, 1883.

Now that the races have commenced, Saratoga has renewed its wonted air of life and gayety. Every in-coming train brings numerous guests, and the croakers who have been predicting a dull season find themselves in the wrong as usual. Edison ought to patent an invention to suppress the croakers, for the world-wide benefit of society. If evil will come, why let it come without any special prediction, so that one-half our suffering may be spared us, since a large amount of human misery is undoubtedly in anticipation of that which often never happens. Maud S. has arrived, and goes flying along the road to Saratoga Lake, to the great delight of all admirers of thoroughbreds; and when she stands in her stable preparing for a dart or when she returns after her morning or evening airing, she has as many admirers gathered around her as any Saratoga belle. She seems to enjoy the homage she receives; pricks up her silken ear, and elevates her dainty nose, with an air which declares as plainly as could so many words, "I am quite worthy of all your admiration, my very good friends!" Yesterday Saratoga was thronged, for all the rustic population of the country hereabout poured into the village to attend the circus. Hotel piazzas, streets, and sidewalks were crowded with a motley concourse of people, including all ranks, to see the procession go by. Big elephants and little elephants, camels, lions, and tigers, many of them in gorgeous array, marched past to the music of the steam calliope, which momentarily eclipsed all the bands in the town. The ten thousand dollar beauty rode aloft upon the golden chariot and fanned by dusky slaves, while troops of gay cavaliers in steel armor, and Roman chariots driven by fair maidens, followed on behind. All this was to the great delight not only of the little folks, but to the gaping rustics who were out for a grand holiday, and who stood with hands deep in their pockets and eyes wide open with wonder to watch the procession go by. Every little incident helps to add to the brilliancy of the picture of Saratoga life, and even a circus and a rustic crowd thronging through the village impart an air of interest to the scene. The curiosity lovers here have been sadly disappointed because the Jersey Lily failed to visit Saratoga. Whether the Lily snubbed Saratoga, or whether Saratoga declined to receive the Lily, is still an open question, the result of which seems impossible to determine. It matters little, however, since Saratoga has fairly arrived at her gay season, and has no time to waste over any one individual, be she a beauty or not; nor is beauty so rare a gift in this land of ours, that we should forget all else to gaze upon one fair face. Still, it has been remarked here this summer that any woman with passable attractions ought to be sure of queening it in Saratoga this year, since fashionable beauties are not over numerous. But, luckily, your fashionable beauties do not depend upon their good looks alone for success in society, for beauty without style is always at a disadvantage, especially at a watering place like this, where fashion reigns supreme. Everybody is ready to pay court to the darling young belle from the metropolis who has an illimitable wardrobe. She is as full of caprices as an April day, or a Saratoga sky; she has any amount of *chic*, and her father's bank account is long enough to supply all her extravagant fancies. What chance has the retiring young beauty, with only a pretty face to recommend her, beside all these advantages? Mere personal beauty with no style in dress, and no knowledge of the customs of the gay world, will never dazzle or command society. Such an attraction gleams like a quiet star in the social heavens, through which the brilliant belle flashes like a meteor before the eyes of the world, and surrounded with such an effulgence of social splendor that one never pauses to ask whether she be beautiful or not.

Although the Langtry failed to arrive, it was amusing to note the scores of admirers who went down to meet the trains, and who spent many precious hours looking out for the famous parlor car with its Lily, its Freddie, the maid, and the poodle. These were of all ages, from the dapper young dude in his most wonderful array to the veteran beau of seventy, or thereabout, and of all ranks of society from the heir to his father's millions to the uncouth rustic who in homespun garb stood patiently peering forth in the darkness for the train which should bring the English beauty to Saratoga. To picture all the masculine disappointments which presided at the Springs because the Lily did not come, we will not attempt—men were born to be idiotic in some matters, and must, doubtless, fulfill their mission! Suffice it to say, that the feminine portion of society here were even well contented that no such formidable rival appeared upon the scene to eclipse, even for a brief period, their own attractions; and that every Saratoga belle is secretly thankful that the Jersey Lily has departed for her own native isle. It is too early as yet to determine who will be the belle of Saratoga this season; there are numerous aspirants for that enviable position, but time and the fates must determine. In despite of the winter's depression in the stock market, there is plenty of money left to spend in Saratoga, and society will not be one whit behind other years in making its great annual display at this most brilliant of watering places; women do not wear less diamonds or laces because stocks are down and husbands or fathers grumble over hard times, and think it really reprehensible in the lords of creation to spoil their summer pleasures with talking about financial matters in a dismal sort of a way, more especially as they do not make any retrenchment in the matter of fast horses, club dinners, and other such trifles. The operatic festival which is to be given next week in the Town Hall promises to be a successful affair, although it is certainly a little ambitious to style the singing of selections from a few operas by a few prominent artists a festival; but Saratoga is supposed to be too gay and too busy to be critical, which perhaps it is. Miss Jeanne Franko, a member of the famous and gifted Franko family, has been making a little visit to the Springs, and during her stay gave a charming *musicale* at the Kensington Hotel, at which she played both upon the piano and violin, to the enthusiastic admiration of her hearers. Miss Franko is brimful of talent, and has undoubtedly a brilliant career before her as a musician. Her brother, Mr. Nahan Franko, is also a violinist of rare merit, having been a favorite pupil of Wilhelmj, whose successful career he may some day emulate; at present he is the leader of the Kensington parlor orchestra, and this new feature at the Kensington this year has added greatly to its attractions. Music is as free as the air in Saratoga; since every house is laden with it. And happy is the day which opens with a song! There is less dancing in the ballrooms than in former seasons, and nothing could be more charming than the evening concerts upon the hotel piazzas, which are always crowded with listeners. And so runs the time away at brilliant Saratoga!

Sophie Sparkle.

A Perilous Bicycle Ride.

Our mine, the Spondulix, of Colorado, was the highest on the range. It was 2,670 feet above Silver Brick station, and nine miles distant from the village. From the works up to the mines it was a broad, hard, smooth road, used for carting ore down from the mines and bringing supplies up. The average grade down the mountain was 300 feet to the mile; in some places it was steeper, and at intervals almost level.

By constant practice I managed at last to ride my fifty-two inch University roadster up the whole slope to the Spondulix, of course resting at levels, but my chief delight was the coasting down again; it required skill, a good deal of nerve, and a firm grasp of the brake.

One evening an accident occurred to one of the men engaged at the mine. I instantly got out my bicycle, explaining that I could go swifter than a horse down the slope. In a few minutes I had on my riding suit and was off.

The night air was clear and crisp; the full moon, except in a few curves, shone directly into the gulch, lighting up the road. Leaning well back, with my legs over the handles and a firm finger on the brake, I allowed the wheel to glide down the first long slope at a speed which I had never dared to venture before. Finding the motion safe, I allowed the wheel to run faster, and still faster. Over the first level I shot like an arrow. Down the next slope I seemed to glide with the rushing wind. Then I turned the next curve and ran into the shadow of a mountain upon the next level. Knowing every inch of the road, however, I did not slacken my speed, except very slightly.

As I flew over the top of the next slope, a steep plunge of nearly half a mile, another curve completely shut out the moon, making the road almost as dark as a pocket. Here I put down the brake hard, and checked my speed materially. Still I knew the road so well I had no fear. But just as I was on the steepest pluge of the slope—

Clink!

Something flew from the machine like a bullet. Instantly the wheel darted forward like the rush of a frightened bird, while the brake lever came home to the steering bar under my finger.

The brake had broken short off at the elbow!

There was nothing to check the machine which was running away with me, with over five miles of mountain grade before me, and the chance of meeting a team at any moment in the dark. I might have leaped backward off the machine at the instant of the break, but five seconds afterwards it was too late. To attempt a dismount would be certain death. There was nothing to do but stick to the saddle and take my chances.

When the accident happened to the brake, I was just entering a dark curve in the shadow of the mountain. The wall on my right appeared a dark, almost invisible brown, while the chasm on my left was of inky darkness. As I rounded the hollow of the curve I could see the moonlight shining far ahead, on the point of the elbow which I must turn, where the road was channeled into the wall. As I approached it I had the sense and nerve to run on the outer side of the road close to the edge of the cañon, thus giving myself as broad a turn as possible. I found by the track of the wheel afterward that at the sharpest turn I had actually ridden within three inches of the extreme edge for several rods, where, if I had been going at a less fearful speed, the wheel would certainly have slipped over the edge and carried me down a fall of 1,000 feet.

Safely past this, the worst point, the remaining curves were easy. Thus far there had been no time to think. My actions were more instinctive than reasoning. My mind was a wild, confused whirl of sensations and fears.

But now, as I shot down the last steep incline, suddenly I experienced a terrible mental shock. It was caused by hearing the tinkle of a bell far below and seeing the spark of a lantern such as the mine teamsters carry in front of their wagons. There was a team, perhaps a train of teams, coming up the road! In a few seconds I should be upon them. The shock made me think, and that clearly. If the teamster was walking beside his team he would be on the inside next to the mountain wall, and the team would be in the middle of the road. If he was riding, the team would be kept near the mountain wall, and at a safe distance from the outer edge of the track. Either way my best chance was to pass on the outside. As I approached therefore, I ran close to the outside edge of the track, and flew by in safety, hearing the teamster shout as I did so. Here it was lucky that I was going at such a speed, for the teamster saw the red light of my lantern when I was nearly a mile distant, and recognizing it, he started his team from the outer edge of the road, so as to give me the safest passage on the inside; but I passed him before the team could be driven over, otherwise I should have surely run into them.

And now the wheel ran along the level to the bottom of the mountain; still my frightful velocity did not perceptibly diminish. I ran on past the works into and along the village street. Luckily the street was covered thinly with sand—not enough to make it bad riding, but sufficient to gradually stop a coasting wheel. My speed slackened perceptibly. Still I ran nearly through the village and then managed to turn a broad corner and up the slope of a side street, which finally checked my speed so that I ventured to drop my feet cautiously and take the pedals, after touching them as they came up for a number of revolutions, to help to check the machine.

And so I finally stopped and leaped to the ground exactly in front of Dr. Cameron's house.

On mounting at the mine house I had looked at my watch, after a habit I had, and now from the same habit I looked at it again. I was not astonished to find that I had made the nine miles from the mine to the doctor's in a few seconds less than thirteen minutes. Allowing six and a quarter for the first two miles before the brake gave way, and I must have made the last seven miles in less than six and three-quarter minutes. I firmly believe that I covered seven miles in less than six and a half minutes, incredible as such speed seems.

Ancient Jokes.

A Sybarite on a visit to Sparta partook of the homely public meal. He then observed: "No wonder the Spartans fought well, for the greatest coward would rather face death than live on such fare." Demandes compared the Athenians to a clarionet—"Take out their tongues, and they are good for nothing." A certain schoolmaster was reading badly. Theocritus said to him: "Why don't you teach geometry?" "Because I don't understand it." "Then why do you teach reading?" A thief caught in the act said to Demosthenes: "I didn't know it was yours." "No," was the reply, "but you knew it wasn't yours." Augustus saw a knight helping himself from a pocket flask at the games, and sent word to him to say that when he wanted to drink he went home. "Yes," retorted the knight, "but he wouldn't lose his place, as I should."—*Chambers's Journal.*

Ballots.

"I would that my love could silently
Close after him our hall door."
For if not betrayed by its hideous
squeak
He could linger an hour or two
more."

High colors.—The flag on the liberty pole.

We know now why tramps eat moderately and refrain from work. A noted physician declares that to be proper in hot weather.

Ephraim Cutter, Jr., cut his right leg with an axe Monday, says the *Woburn Advertiser*. As he has vindicated his name, it is to be hoped he will spare the one left, which is the left one.

A mad dog made a deep impression and produced a decided sensation in Orange last week—particularly in the leg of the boy it bit.

"I'm struck, not so much by your beauty, as your size," remarked Jones to the falling sign which knocked him over.

Chief Justice Waite received painful injuries by his horse falling under him at Yellowstone a short time ago. Too heavy a Waite for that horse.

James Russell Lowell asks, "What is so rare as a day in June?" To which we unhesitatingly reply, such July days as have blessed us lately.

Some people are never satisfied. The *Hudson County Democrat-Advertiser* asks "why Hoboken can't show up a favorite son" to go to Trenton next election—and Nugent has just been sent there for ten years.

A schoolhouse in Vermont was struck by lightning last week and all the children more or less injured. Virtue may be its own reward, but the boy who played truant that day doubts it.

Not the Same "Peace."

"It would seem that the heat, combined with arduous toil, has seriously affected the calabash of yet another editor of The Bloomfield Citizen. On July 4th, the *Record* published an abbreviated edition of Solomon's Song, which is really a very pretty little "peace" of poetry. Due credit for its production was given to Samuel W. Duffield, a singer who wastes his wondrous sweetness on the dusty Bloomfield air, but The Citizen, while suffering from temporary aberration of mind, accuses the *Record* of neglect to extend this customary courtesy. If the afflicted editors would take a rest, and apply pounded ice to the nape of their necks, it might have a soothing effect.—*Kearney Record.*

Good for the *Kearney Record!* We double our subscription! It hits right back when it is misused, and certainly we did misuse it. Thus, after the manner of its gallant namesake, it give us "beautiful fighting along the whole line." Here's our hand, neighbor! We won't do so again, not never, no more. Our funny man's head has been treated according to the prescription—but it isn't in him to improve. His meningetic fun has to continue. He says now that the *Kearney Record* does not require ice on its head—it only needs a smelling bottle!

He Had to Court Her Again.

A minister while riding along a lonely road in Arkansas that glided under tall bushes and wound around rugged hills, approached a man who stood at the gate of a rude house. The minister addressed a question to the man, but without replying the latter turned toward the house, bowed to a woman who appeared in the doorway, and said:

"Good mornin', madam; how's your health an' the health of your family?" The woman did not reply. "Fine day, madam," continued the man, "only the sun's strikin' down mighty peart." Still the woman did not reply.

"My friend," said the minister, "I am to preach at Harvey's Point, and I would like to know how to get there?"

"Don't you know?" asked the man.

"No, sir," I do not."

"Then how do you expect me to know more about your business than you do? Say, there, madam," turning to the woman, "I'd like to come in and make myself at home. How's the prospects?"

The woman made no reply, but kicking a cat out of the way, and "shooing" a chicken that came up on the steps, she leaned against the door-facing, and regarded the man with a lack of interest that characterizes the sweep of an eye over a barren waste.

"The church is situated near here, is it not?" asked the minister.

"Yes, but it's nearer to some places than it is to here.—Say, madam, I am very glad to see you, an' I hope that our relations may be pleasant."

The woman made no reply.

"Which way must I go, as the roads have been changed?"

"Go down the creek.—Compliments of the day, madam."

"Will following the road down the creek take me there?"

"I've dun told you. If you know better go up the creek," and he smiled and bowed to the woman.

"You seem to take great pleasure in being polite to the lady at the door. Who is she?"

"The boss."

"The boss of what?"

"The situation. She's my wife."

"Why do you stand out here bowing to her?"

"Mister, whar was you raised, anyhow? You don't know this country like I do. This mornin' I went outen this gate with a skillet follerin' me, an' I've got to do my courtin' over agin or it ain't safe to hang around the house. I've got to win that woman afore the sun goes down, or I'll sleep in the woods. I ain't got no time to talk about churches an' things about the next world, for this world needs coolin' off at present. After I win this woman come aroun' an' I'll talk to you.—How do you do, madam? Fine lot of chickens you've got. No, sir, my friend, I've got a big job before me, an' I ain't got through. She's got a flat iron back thar, an' is apt to let drive at any minute. Go on away now, an' let me make the fight. I'm mighty persuadin' in my natur'. Fine day, madam."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

Mr. Larkin G. Mead has just made excellent likenesses in clay of Mr. W. D. Howells and Mr. John Hay.

A young carpenter wants to know "what is a joggle piece?" Why don't you read your dictionary? Webster says a joggle-piece "is a truss post whose shoulders and sockets receive the lower ends of the struts." Good gracious! we thought everybody knew what a joggle-piece is.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

List of Letters

Remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Bloomfield, N. J., on Wednesday, August 1, 1883.

Collins, Miss J.	Lanbisote, Mrs. M.
Daisey, B.	Lauandy, Mrs. H.
Doremus, Mrs. Eliz.	Moran, Miss Rosan.
Dunn, James.	Pierson, W. H.
Fitzgerald, Kate.	Pier, Garrett.
Gadsden, J. G.	Price, Mrs. William.
Hirst, Arthur Gilpin.	Smith, Otto.
Hustead, Susey.	Upton, Thomas.
James, Mrs. S. J.	Vandenhoff, C. H.
Kirnan, W. H.	Vehlow, William.

Any person calling for the above will please ask for "advertised" letters.

H. DODD, P. M.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

The Mails will Close and Arrive at the Post Office in Bloomfield as follows:

By way of Newark & Bloomfield Railroad.

Close at 7 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.
Arrive at 8:30 A. M. and 5:30 P. M.

By way of New York & Greenwood Lake Railroad.

Close at 8:15 A. M. and 5:00 P. M.
Arrive at 9:30 A. M. and 5:30 P. M.

HORACE DODD, Postmaster.

Bloomfield, N. J., Feb. 13, 1883.

TIME TABLES,

Carefully corrected up to date.

DEL., LACK. & WESTERN RAILROAD.
Barclay and Christopher Street Ferries.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Montclair—6:08, 7:15, 7:55, 8:47, 9:52, 11:00 a.m. 12:50, 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:10, 6:57, 8:15, 9:40, 11:05, 12:05 p.m.

Leave Bloomfield—6:08, 7:19, 7:59, 8:51, 9:57, 11:05 a.m. 12:56, 1:45, 3:45, 5:05, 6:15, 7:05, 8:20, 9:45, 11:10, 12:10 p.m.

Arrive Newark—6:23, 7:30, 8:10, 9:03, 10:08, 11:18 a.m. 1:08, 1:58, 3:57, 5:17, 6:38, 7:26, 8:37, 10:05, 11:22, 12:21 p.m.

Arrive New York—6:50, 8:00, 8:40, 9:30, 10:40, 11:50 a.m. 1:40, 2:30, 4:30, 5:50, 7:10, 7:55, 9:10, 10:40, 11:56 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave New York—6:30, 7:20, 8:30, 9:40, 10:40 a.m. 12:40, 2:10, 3:40, 4:40, 5:30, 6:20, 7:10, 8:30, 10:00, 11:00 p.m.

Leave Newark—6:40, 7:22, 8:10, 9:06, 10:13, 11:13 a.m. 1:13, 2:44, 4:13, 5:13, 6:03, 6:53, 7:48, 9:03, 10:38, 11:38, p.m.

Arrive Bloomfield—6:51, 7:33, 8:21, 9:17, 10:24, 11:24 a.m. 1:24, 2:55, 4:24, 5:24, 6:15, 7:05, 8:00, 9:14, 10:50, 11:49 p.m.

Arrive Montclair—6:56, 7:38, 8:26, 9:22, 10:29, 11:29 a.m. 1:29, 3:00, 4:29, 5:29, 6:20, 7:10, 8:05, 9:19, 10:55, 11:54 p.m.

May 14, 1883.

NEW YORK AND GREENWOOD LAKE R.R.
Chambers and 23d Street Ferries, New York.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Upper Montclair—5:28, 6:57, 7:49, 8:48, 10:47 a.m. 1:26, 4:45, 5:16, 6:50, *9:58 p.m.

Leave Montclair—5:33, 7:02, 7:55, 8:53, 10:52 a.m. 1:34, 4:50, 5:26, 6:55, *10:03 p.m.

Leave Bloomfield—5:38, 7:06, 7:59, 8:57, 10:56 a.m. 1:40, 4:54, 5:30, 6:58, *10:08 p.m.

Arrive New York—6:25, 7:50, 8:40, 9:40, 11:40 a.m. 2:25, 4:40, 5:40, 7:55, *10:55 p.m.

Trains marked * will run Saturday nights only.

Sunday trains from Montclair at 8:04 a.m. and 7:00 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave New York—6:00, 8:30, 12:00 a.m. 3:40, 4:40, 5:40, 6:20, 8:00 p.m.

Arrive Bloomfield—6:49, 9:21 a.m. 12:43, 4:19, 5:21, 6:20, 7:05, 8:39 p.m.

Arrive Montclair—7:02, 9:25 a.m. 12:49; 4:24, 5:26, 6:26, 7:11, 8:46 p.m.

Arrive Upper Montclair—7:06, 9:29 a.m. 12:53, 4:28, 5:30, 6:31, 7:16, 8:50 p.m.

Also a Saturday train from New York at 12 m., for the accommodation of theatre-goers, arriving at Montclair at 12:52 a.m.

Sunday trains from New York at 8:45 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Essex County Circuit Court—Between Mary A. Cuff, Comp't, and Bridget Broderick et. al., Defts.—One Bill, etc.

It appearing to the court that Thomas Broderick, the mortgager in the bill of complaint in this cause mentioned is dead, and that Hannah Cusick and George Saunders are the only persons related to said Thomas Broderick of whom the complainant has been able to get any information, and that his other heirs or devisees, if any he have, are wholly unknown;

It is, on this sixteenth day of June, eighteen hundred and eighty-three, on motion of Coult and Howell, of counsel with the Complainant, ordered, that the unknown owners of all that certain tract of land of which said Thomas Broderick, late of the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, died seized, situate lying and being on the west side of Walnut Street in the said Township of Bloomfield, bounded on the north by land of William Brookes, on the east by Walnut Street on the south by lands of Michael Owens, and on the west by lands of Frank Moran, do appear, plead, answer or demur to the complainant's bill on or before the seventeenth day of December next, or that, in default thereof, such decree be made against them as the court shall think equitable and just.

And it is further ordered that this order shall within twenty days hereafter be published in The Bloomfield Citizen, a newspaper printed at Bloomfield in this State, and continued therein at least once a week to within ten days of the expiration of the time herein limited for pleading, answering or demurring, and that within the same time a copy thereof be sent by mail with the postage prepaid to the said Hannah Cusick and George Saunders, directed to their post office address, if the same can be ascertained.

David A. Depue, Judge.

TRY
DAVIS'S
CELEBRATED
Philadelphia Creams.
50c. PER QUART.
$1.60 PER GALLON.
TO BE HAD AT
G. A. Williams', Montclair.

LOOK OUT FOR BARGAINS.

G. H. BOSCH,
CORNER ABOVE CENTRE MARKET.
Oldest Tea and Coffee Store in Newark.

Great reduction in the prices of Tea, Coffee, and Sugar. Prices to conform with the recent auction sales. Good drawing
BLACK, GREEN, AND JAPAN TEA
18, 20, 25, 30, 35, and 45 cents per lb., usually sold elsewhere for 40, 50, 60, and 70 c.

COFFEE! COFFEE!
Of every variety and flavor, strong and rich, 15, 18, 20, 22, and 25 cents per pound.

Persons in doubt as to the superior quality of our Teas and Coffees should try one package; no housekeeper will be without them. We would also advise all those who want a pure and genuine article to come direct to our store, as we not run expensive wagons and make our customers pay for them. Get one trial of goods at
BOSCH'S TEA STORE,
Cor. above Centre Market, Newark.
Salesroom for Bosch's Pure Domestic Wine, specially recommended by physicians for medicinal purposes.

SPECIAL EXCURSION
TO
Greenwood Lake
EVERY DAY DURING THE SEASON.
Fare for the Round Trip, $1.20.
Children Half Rate.

Train leaves N. Y. & G. L. Station at 9.31 A.M. daily, except Sunday, and 9.38 A.M. on Sundays.
Tickets and full information can be obtained at the depot.
Sunday-schools, Lodges, etc., desiring to make special arrangements please address
J. H. VAN RIPER, Excursion Agent,
184 Market St., Newark, N. J.

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DO NOT FORGET
When you go to Newark that
ALBERT & BAYLEY
Have opened a New First-class
SHOE STORE
—AT—
449 BROAD STREET,
NEAR D. L. & W. DEPOT,
Where you can find FIRST-CLASS GOODS AT A LESS PRICE than at any other shoe store in Newark.
449 Broad Street, Newark.
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McKIRGAN BROS. & LUKE,
755 BROAD ST., NEWARK, N. J.
We invite our customers from BLOOMFIELD to notice that we have made
REDUCTIONS IN LINES OF SUMMER GOODS,
Consisting in part of
French Sateens,
FRENCH AND DOMESTIC LAWNS,
FRENCH PRINTED NAINSOOKS,
—AND—
Linen Lawns.
Other Lines of Goods at Attractive Prices.
We are now prepared to furnish Ladies' and Children's
JERSEYS IN SILK, HAND MADE, and all Styles in WORSTED JERSEYS.
McKirgan Bros. & Luke,
755 BROAD ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Notice of Settlement.—Notice is hereby given that the accounts of the subscribers, Executors of Joseph S. Gallagher, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate, and reported for settlement to the Orphans' Court of the County of Essex, on Tuesday, the thirty-first day of July next.

SUSAN C. GALLAGHER,
WILLIAM A. PACKARD,
AMZI DODD.

Dated May 24, 1883.

HUGH F. RANDOLPH,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FREE BURNING AND LEHIGH
COAL,
YARDS, {59 Sheffield Street, Cor. M. & E. R. R. Ave.,
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NEWARK, N. J.
TELEPHONE No. 101. Coal delivered in all parts of Bloomfield.